

BANNER-ENTERPRISE.

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NO. 1.

THE FIRST SNOW.

The tender pathos and simplicity of this beautiful poem cannot be met with a responsive echo in the hearts of those who read it.—Ed.

My mother-bear is aching, oh, how sore!
The while I watch the first light fall of snow,
For in the churchyard lies my little child,
How can I leave his bed unsheltered so?

I wept for hours beside my window pane
When I first left him there alone—all night,
But when I sought his resting-place by day,
Then all the earth around seemed warm and bright.

All summer long fair flowers have decked his bed,
And birds have warbled there their sweetest lays,
The clouds have, now and then, wept pitying tears;
Fair moons have watched it, and calm sunny days.

But now when careful shepherds house their flocks,
And households gather closer in their fold—
While I am sheltered safe, and still and warm—
My little one lies out there in the cold.

Yet faith and reason tell me, that his soul
Is toiled safe where never tempests blow,
And that he dwells where summer still abides—
I wish that I could always feel it so.

If I could see him once—oh, little hour—
Among the angels living, safe and glad;
Although I might not speak nor touch his robe,
I think that I could never feel so sad.

And yet, within the churchyard, all alone,
That little waxen form I cherished so,
And shielded from the slightest touch of chill;
Must lie all winter underneath the snow.

THE WIFE'S SURPRISE.

The fact is, my dear Mrs. Lynde, your children ought not to remain in this poisonous city atmosphere a day longer. They are too delicate, madam. I regard it as your imperative duty to send them out into the country.

Dr. Carson shut up his gold eye glasses as he spoke, with the air of an autocrat whose slightest wishes are law. Little Carrie Lynde, nestling on her sofa, held tight to her mother's hand, and regarded the doctor with wide-open blue eyes. Mrs. Lynde sighed softly.

"I doubt whether Mr. Lynde can afford the expense of sending his family into the country this year, doctor."

"Afford it, ma'am! Afford it! Why all the world knows how fast your husband is making money; and—excuse me Mrs. Lynde, but I am a plain man—all tendencies to a parsimonious life ought to be checked in the bud."

Mrs. Lynde blushed an indignant crimson.

"Dr. Carson, I do not like to hear that word applied to my husband."

The doctor took his hat.

"The powder at eleven, perfect quiet, and my little patient will do very well. And remember what I recommended to you about the country."

After the doctor had taken his departure, Mrs. Lynde sat thinking on what he had said.

"Charles is a poor man," she mused, "a man who is dependent on his practice as a lawyer for his daily bread. I knew it when I married him; nor have I ever regretted leaving the luxury of Beech Grove for his humbler, quieter home. And as for my Charles being parsimonious, don't I know better?"

The rosy glow was still mantling Mrs. Lynde's cheeks at the bare idea, when a cheery voice sounded on her ear.

"Well, how is Carry to-night?"

"Charles, is it you? How you startled me!"

He was a frank, noble looking man, with clear, dark eyes, and a smile that brightened his whole face.

"Am I so very startling? What does the doctor say?"

"He says the children must go into the country this summer with as little delay as possible."

Mr. Lynde slightly contracted his brows.

"I am not sure that I can afford it, Alice."

"That is what I thought myself, but, oh Charles, if their health—perhaps their life—depends upon it, ought we to hesitate?"

Mr. Lynde sat down, whistling quietly under his breath.

"No, I suppose not; but, Alice, it's a terrible drain on a fellow's purse just now."

Alice Lynde felt a cold chill at her heart. Was it possible that Dr. Carson's words had a foundation in truth? Was her husband becoming a prey to the terrible dragon of avarice?

Mr. Lynde went on.

"I suppose I must try to find some farm house or other where they won't charge the children's weight in gold. Alice, do you never sigh after the velvet lawns and shady copes of Beech Grove—the old stone house, with its cool verandas, and the summer arbor by the lake?"

"No," said Mrs. Lynde, stoutly.

"Never, Alice?"

"Well, sometimes I can't help thinking how nice it would be for the children. I wonder if the old man who owns it now has any children?"

"A childless widow, I believe. But all this has little to do with the question of your summer exile. Of course you'll need no extra wardrobe to go to a farmhouse, where there are no fashionable dames and demoiselles to criticize your toilet?"

"Carry and Lucy have quite out-grown their last summer's clothes, and Frank has nothing at all to wear. I suppose I might get along, although I need a new traveling dress sadly."

"Try to dispense with it at present; that's a dear little economical puse."

"Charles," said Mrs. Lynde, speaking suddenly from the impulse of her heart, "is not your business prosperous just at present?"

"Prosperous? Yes?"

"Then why do you perpetually urge upon me the necessity of economy?"

He colored a little. She thought he appeared somewhat confused at her abrupt question.

"There are a great many outlets for our money, Alice, of which you can scarcely form an adequate idea. Eight o'clock, is

it? Then I must be off. Good night, my love. I'll try to be at home before eleven."

Mrs. Lynde was sitting by Carry's sofa at her sewing, the next day, when Miss Priscilla Forbes was ushered in.

"Good morning, my dear. How's Carry?"

"Better eh? Well I'm glad to hear it. Bethiah Lamb's little girl was taken with just the same symptoms, and she didn't live three days. I'd advise you to be careful, though, Alice. There's always danger of a relapse. By the way, where has your husband gone to-day?"

"He's not at his office?"

"No. He went out on the Brigham Railroad this morning. I saw him go by as if his life depended on the haste he was making; and thinks I to myself I'll just keep an eye on him and see where he is going. So I followed as fast as I could trot, and was just in time to see him spring on board the train. What he was going out of town for I didn't know; but I think I to myself again, Alice can tell me all about it."

"Probably he is looking for summer board for the children," said Mrs. Lynde, coldly.

But she remembered with a pang that her husband had said nothing to her about it.

"Charles," she said, when he came home to dinner, "where were you going out of town to-day?"

"How did you know I was out of town?" he asked a little abruptly.

"Miss Priscilla Forbes saw you start."

"I wish Miss Priscilla Forbes would be so kind as to mind her own business."

Alice was silent a minute, then she asked—

"Did you find a place for the children?"

"No," was his brief reply.

Alice inquired no farther. She felt hurt and resentful, and Charles paid no attention to her silence. If he could only have witnessed the burst of passionate tears to which she gave way when she was alone by the couch of her little ones!

The farm house to which she and the children were banished for the summer was not a particularly inviting spot; well shaded, however, with a stream of water running through the grounds, and a plenty of fresh milk and vegetables. But Alice Lynde felt the lack of cheerful and congenial society, the unvarying monotony of the uneventful life, and pined severely, even while Frank and Carry and little Lucy were growing sunburnt and healthy.

"I wish Charles could spend a little more of his time here," she thought.

It was scarcely to be wondered at that she recurred sometimes, with a thrill of yearning, to the old days when she was an heiress, under the spreading linden trees of beautiful Beech Grove. For Charles Lynde's sake she had given up that beautiful home; had dared her uncle's threat—afterward carried relentlessly into effect—of disinheritance; had submitted to all the trials and evils which must necessarily surround a poor man's wife; and now Charles left her alone, to amuse herself as best she might. So, while the children grew fat and rosy, Alice grew thin and pale.

"He will come to-night," she thought, one Saturday evening, as she brushed her glossy golden hair into the shining braids he best liked, and put on a favorite muslin dress with a long turquoise pin in the white ribbons that set off the transparent blueness of her throat. "Oh, it seems an age since I saw him last!"

But instead of Mrs. Lynde's presence, the up train from New York brought only a note, hurried and brief:

"Dear Alice—I cannot come up to-night. Business is so pressing; love to the children."
C. L.

The note fell from Alice's fingers; a sickening sensation came over her heart.

"And I had watched for him so anxiously. Oh, can it be possible that he has ceased to love me? Me, who gave up everything for his sake!"

On Monday a letter from Dr. Carson was brought to Mrs. Lynde; a letter enclosing another for her husband. The doctor wrote:

"Please give this to Mr. Lynde. I was at his office twice on Saturday afternoon, trying to find him; but he was not there, and the clerk told me he had gone into the country. Tell him he's a lazy fellow to neglect his business so, when that business is making him rich so fast."

Alice Lynde read the words three times over before she fairly took in their whole meaning.

"He has deceived me," she thought.

"It was not the convenient plea of business that kept him away from me! Oh, Charles, Charles! and has it come to this?"

She sat down, still clasping the letter in her hand, and gazed vacantly out upon the sunny landscape that lay before her.

"If it were not for the children I would go away and never look upon his face any more! He loves me no longer. The affection I so blindly deemed my own is transferred to some other object; and why should I care what becomes of me? Only—the children!"

And as the blue-eyed Carry ran up to her to ask some trifling question, Mrs. Lynde drew the child close to her heart and burst into tears.

"Mamma!" exclaimed the astonished little girl, "why do you cry? Are you sick mamma?"

"Sick? Yes," sobbed poor Alice, "I am sick of living. I am sick at heart, child."

And the plentiful shower of tears helped to relieve her overcharged heart.

"I will endure it for the sake of these little ones. I will suffer on and try to be silent," thought poor Alice, pressing both hands over her aching heart.

The next week Mr. Lynde was to come and take his family home. Alice looked forward to the day with a sick anticipation. She longed for the hour of their meeting and yet she dreaded it.

In this nervous state of excitement she came to the door, leading little Lucy, as the carriage wheels grated over the stony country road and stopped in front of the old-fashioned portico. But Charles was not there, only the driver, who touched his hat with an awkward attempt at politeness, as he descended from the box.

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Lynde couldn't come; but he'll be there to meet you!"

More neglect! Alice answered not a word, but the hands with which she tied the ribbons of Lucy's hat trembled sorely; and her lip would quiver in spite of the resolute little white teeth that held it down.

The little ones laughed and chatted in the carriage as it rolled along, exclaiming loudly at the various objects on the road; but Alice leaned back in the corner, pale and silent, seeing nothing but the fantastic visions of her own fevered mind. Once or twice the idea crossed her brain that the journey was rather longer than she expected; but she did not reason at all on the subject, relapsing at once into her painful reflection.

"Mamma! Oh, mamma! What a pretty place!" chorused the three children at once. "There's a tall white statue back of those trees, and a fountain sparkling like diamonds; and oh, mamma, such beds of beautiful flowers!"

Alice, roused from her thoughts for the instant, leaned forward and gazed out of the window. Surely there was something familiar in those green terraces with their flights of marble steps; in the Doric columns of the majestic stone piazzas, because which the carriage suddenly came to a halt.

"I'm dreaming," she thought, looking vaguely around her, "or is this really Beech Grove?"

She went up the steps, feeling as if she were moving through the uncertain fantasies of a dream. But in the vestibule stood reality itself, in the shape of her husband, with a face of bright, enraptured happiness.

"My dearest wife!" he murmured, folding her tenderly in his arms, "the time has come for me to restore to you what you gave up so cheerfully for my sake years ago. Welcome once again to your home, Alice!"

"Home!" she repeated, gazing up into his eyes as if she scarcely credited the evidence of his own senses.

"Yes, home. I have purchased Beech Grove, Alice, and furnished it just to suit your taste. My cherished little wife, I am rewarded now for the years of economy, the extra work, the self-denial which I have been obliged to practice."

"Charles," she whispered, growing scarlet and pale alternately, "was it this that kept you away from me, that occasioned your absence last week?"

"I was determined to bring you here, Alice, when I took you away from that farm house. There have been countless delays, innumerable difficulties; but I have conquered them all. Welcome to your home, my precious wife!"

As he took her once more to his heart, Alice's happiness was mingled with the keenest pang of remorse she had ever known.

Sitting in the handsome, familiar room that evening, with the moonlight streaming through the stained glass windows, her children asleep up stairs in the nursery that had once been hers, and Charles beside her, Alice vowed to herself the best resolution a wife can make—never again to let the least shadow come between herself and her confidence in her husband's love.

SALT AND WOOD ASHES FOR STOCK.

The importance of an occasional relish of salt and wood ashes for all kinds of stock can not be too highly appreciated. The most convenient form in which these materials are offered, according to feeders of wide experience, is in a solid mass which admits of diligent licking on the part of the animal without gaining more of the mixture than is desirable. In order to mix these ingredients so that a solid mass may be formed, take salt and pure wood ashes in the proportion of pound for pound, with water sufficient to hold the mixture together. To preserve the mixture in a solid state place it in troughs or boxes sheltered sufficiently to keep the rain and snow from reaching it and converting it into an alkaline pickle. These troughs with their tempting contents prove efficient as baits for alluring animals, turned out on long runs during the day, home at night. When cattle chew leather, wood and old bones remember that it indicates a lack of phosphate of lime in their food, which is required to supply bone material. A teaspoonful of bone meal given daily with their grain will correct the habit and supply the deficiency which induces it. If the disposition to eat bones is induced in when the cows are in grass, the deficiency then evidently exists in the soil, and the pasture will be greatly benefited by a top dressing of bone dust. Two or three hundred pounds to the acre, sown broadcast will repay attending expenses in a better yield and quality of milk and butter.—Exchange.

THE LARGEST WATERFALL.

A paragraph is going the round of the papers, says an English journal, to the effect that America has long been the possessors of the largest tree, the largest cave and the largest waterfall in the world. This is quite a mistake as to the waterfall, and it will probably surprise many of our readers to learn that South Africa possesses a waterfall very much larger in every respect than the falls of Niagara. A memorandum in the handwriting of the late Mr. Thomas Baines, F. R. G. S., runs as follows:

"The width of the Victoria Falls is 1,900 yards, or 140 yards more than a mile, the height is 400 feet, and the height to which the spray clouds rise is about 1,200 feet. Niagara is 150 feet high and 1,000 yards wide, or 120 yards more than a mile."

So that the Victoria Falls are nearly twice as wide as the Falls of Niagara, and more than one and a half times as high.

DESTROYED BY DYNAMITE.

The Terrible Fate of Two Well-Diggers in Union County.

From S. J. Richardson, who lives in Union County, N. C., your correspondent learns news of a terrible and fatal dynamite explosion, which occurred on the premises of Mr. Mark Austin, in that county, on the 15th inst. Two men were in a well at the time of the explosion, Culpepper Austin and Mack Chapman, and both were badly mangled. Austin died at 9 o'clock that night, and Chapman is not expected to live. The scene of the affair is twelve miles west of Monroe, near the South Carolina line. The two men were down in the well blasting, using dynamite cartridges. They prepared a charge and fired the fuse when they were drawn to the top to await the explosion. The cartridge flashed, or failed to fire, and they descended into the well to take it out, and while they were handling it it exploded. They were drawn to the surface in an insensate condition, with their blackened bodies shattered and bleeding. Austin was literally torn into shreds, and it was seen at once that there was no hope for his life. He was carried to his home where he lingered until 9 o'clock, when he expired. He had received almost the full force of the explosion and his body was mangled in a shocking manner. Austin leaves a young wife but no children. His body was buried the day following the accident. Mack Chapman, the second victim of the accident, who is in all human probability dead by this time, was a frightful spectacle to look upon. Both his arms were blown off and one of his eyes was put out, besides other serious injuries about his body. Chapman leaves a wife and a large family of children.

PROPOSED CHARTER OF THE STATE EXPOSITION.

BEFORE THE CLERK OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF WAKE COUNTY.

In the Matter of the Incorporation of the North Carolina State Exposition:

Articles of agreement, made and executed this day of ———— 1884, by and between ———— and ———— for the purpose of becoming incorporated, according to the provisions of the Code, under the name and style of North Carolina State Exposition, for the purposes and in the manner hereinafter set forth, that is to say,

First: The corporate name of said corporation shall be "The North Carolina State Exposition."

Second: The business proposed to be done by said corporation is the holding of an Exposition of the products and industries of the State of North Carolina for the purpose of aiding the development of the resources of the State and inducing the influx of capital and desirable immigration into the State, and the doing of such other matters and things and the exercise of such powers as may be necessary to the successful holding of such Exposition or may be incident to or grow out of the holding of the same.

Third: The place where it is proposed to carry on the business of said corporation is at or near the city of Raleigh, in Wake county.

Fourth: The length of time desired for the corporate existence of said corporation is two years.

Fifth: The names of persons who have subscribed to the capital stock of said corporation are as follows:

Sixth: The capital stock of said corporation shall not exceed \$25,000 and be divided into shares of \$25.00 each.

Seventh: The stockholders in said corporation shall not be individually liable for the debts of the corporation.

Witness, &c.

Children or adults subject to ear-ache should wear a little raw cotton in the ears during this season.

A good way to exercise the arms is to swing them backwards and forward, touching them each time.

A medical writer suggests the use of oil of wintergreen, with an equal quantity of olive oil or soap liniment, as an application for rheumatism.

People who are always preaching about high heels should argue with the mules.

BURNED IN BLAZING CARS.

TEKESVILLE, PA., January 15.—A railroad accident occurred this morning three miles from Bradford, on the narrow gauge railroad. Several topkoses exploded in an oil well, near the track, as the cars were passing, the gas from the well filling the cars and setting them on fire. The engineer and fireman, seeing their danger, jumped from the train, which ran down grade for two miles, when it was ditched and burned up.

BRADFORD, PA., January 15.—It is now stated that the number of persons burned or injured by the burning of the train on the narrow gauge road to-day will reach a total of 30, some of whom are so badly injured that they will in all probability die. Several of the persons extricated from the wreck have their limbs charred so badly that they will have to be amputated. The cars of the train are all almost totally wrecked. The accident is now attributed to the bursting of a tank of oil containing 250 barrels which flowed down the bed of the road and ignited from the sparks falling from the train. This set fire to the road bed and the rails spreading from the intense heat caused the train to leave the track. The name of the wounded cannot be learned as yet.

The list of injured is as follows: Patrick Sexton, engineer, terribly burned about the face and hands; Michael Walsh, fireman, badly burned on the face and arms; W. H. Balknap, of Alton, injured internally by jumping from the train; Jerry Donegan, brakeman, hands badly cut; Chas. H. Eidecke, express messenger, burned about the hands; George McCarty, news boy, burned about the hands, face and hands. He will lose his hands and is not expected to live. A. N. Carpenter, of Little Getzesse, F. Y., head, face and left hand burned; Jerry Haggerty, Cers. N. Y., badly burned; about the face and head. Mrs. Black, her daughter and son, all of Aiken, were all burned about the face and hands. The mother is suffering severely. G. W. Van, wife and son, of Indianapolis, were burned. The boy is suffering severely about the head and hands. John Keiser, of Aiken, was terribly burned about the face; E. P. Fletcher, of Bolivar, N. Y., was badly burned about the face and head; B. C. Early, of Andover, N. Y., was burned about the face and hands; George Koch, of Allentown, N. Y., was wedged in a window for a time, but was thrown out by the motion of the cars and fell into the snow, which saved him from serious injury. Mrs. Thos. Parker, of Bordell, Pa., threw her four-year-old child out of the car window and followed herself. Both were bruised and burned. Joseph McSwegan was badly cut by breaking glass. Capt. Hoe, of Boston, was badly burned about the scalp and face; G. H. Peabody, of Rochester, was burned about the head and shoulders. The ten-year-old daughter of W. E. Proctor, of Newport, jumped directly through a window and escaped, with slight bruises and cuts. K. B. Grant was injured about the head and hands. Mr. Wright, of Row City, Pa., was burned about the face and head; A. P. Fitz, of Bolivar, N. Y., was slightly injured; Judged Hamlin, of Southampton, leaped through a window—his hair was singed and he was cut; W. N. Sinclair, of Row City, Pa., escaped slightly injured.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Visit of Federal and Confederate Officers to Bull Run.

WASHINGTON, October 13.—A meeting of federal and confederate veterans who participated in the battle of Bull Run, was held at the pension office, this afternoon, to complete arrangements for a visit to the field of action. Congressman Rosecrans presided. It was stated that two hundred veterans would leave on Monday for Bull Run, the object of their visit being to locate positions held by the several corps of the two armies. The President was invited and will attend, if his engagements permit. Secretaries Lincoln and Chandler will be present, also General Rosecrans Governor Fairbaird, of Wisconsin, Generals Pleasanton, Meigs, Slocum, and other prominent federal officers who participated in the battle. General Longstreet and a number of prominent confederate officers will join the party at Manassas.

IMPORTED LEAF TOBACCO.

Instructions of the Secretary of the Treasury in Reference to Classification for Custom.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—The Secretary has written a letter to the collector of customs at New York in regard to the correctness of a former decision relative to the provision in the law of March 3rd, 1853, placing a duty upon leaf tobacco fit for wrappers. That decision held that in order to be dutiable at 75 cts. per pound, when unstemmed and \$1 per pound when stemmed, the packing containing the tobacco to contain 85 per cent. fit for wrappers, of which more than one hundred leaves are required to weigh a pound. The decision thus made the packages units of quantity by which to determine whether the merchandise conformed to the statutory standard. It has been certified by persons interested that there are two descriptions of tobacco known to the trade—one known as wrapper tobacco and the other as filler tobacco, and further that all of the class known as wrapper tobacco may however not be fit for wrappers, or be of sufficient lightness of texture to require more than one hundred leaves to weigh a pound, so that when the tobacco belonging to the wrapper class is found not to conform to this statutory standard in two respects it falls into the provision for tobacco not otherwise provided for, dutiable at 35 cts. a pound. The Secretary says that this reasoning would make the class of tobacco the test, not the quantity contained in the packages and that he thinks that these views are entitled to severe consideration. No evidence has been presented on the part of importers since the case was originally decided. As preliminary to any further decision in the matter the Collector is directed to suspend action under the decision before referred to and to classify wrapper tobacco which may be found in packages according to the standard before indicated, leaving the importers, if dissatisfied with such a classification, to present their case by protest and appeal.

A WOMAN ROASTED ALIVE.

Distressing Accident in Southwest Baltimore This Morning.

Baltimore Day, 26th.

Mrs. Mary Sinclair, wife of Wm. Sinclair, an employe at the Calverton drove yards, residing at No. 445 McHenry street, was terribly and, it is thought, fatally burned about 10 o'clock this morning by her clothing taking fire at the kitchen stove. Mrs. Sinclair was engaged in some domestic duty, and in passing the front of the stove her dress by some means came in contact with the heated coals. She was not aware of the accident until she found her clothing in a blaze, when she screamed loudly, and ran into the street. Her agonizing cries for help brought neighbors to her assistance, who, finding they could not extinguish the flames, tore her clothing from her, when she was found to have been burned almost to a crisp from head to foot. Dr. Bosley was summoned, and he thinks the result will be fatal.

BETTER THAN WATER.

"Understand that you had a fire at your house yesterday," said a gentleman to his friend Col. Snagwell.

"Yes, house caught fire."

"Suppose the firemen did effective work?"

"No, they didn't get there in time."

"You threw water very promptly on the flames, eh?"

"No, didn't use any water."

"How did you put it out?"

"Went out."

"That's singular."

"Not at all. The other day I bought a load of kindling wood from a countryman. I had it cut up and stacked in the kitchen. When I saw the fire burning in that direction I felt pretty safe, and I was not disappointed, for when it reached the kindling wood it went out."

Sage tea, with a little bay rum added, makes a good wash for the hair when it inclines to fall out. It renders the hair soft and induces growth.

State Library